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Original Communications.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKES.

ATTENTION has lately, we regret to learn, been called, in more than one instance, to some of those terrible throes of nature which are among the visitations of hot climates. St Thomas's, of which we give a fine engraving from the 'Illustrated Weekly Times,' is one of the places which has sustained the shock of an earthquake. It was experienced at the same moment at St Kitt's and St Thomas's. The shock occurred on the 14th of last month, and, though sufficiently alarming, was happily accompanied by but little loss of human life. It was felt about ten in the morning, and was over in about two minutes; but such was the effect produced within that brief period, that all business was instantly at a stand; some ran to the sea shore, as if to fly from the dangers of *terra firma* (if dry land might then be so called) to the world of waters, and as soon as they had a little recovered from the shock, thanks were offered to Divine Providence at the several places of worship, that the peril was no more. The destruction of property was very great, not less, according to some accounts, than 100,000l.

At Guadalupe, on the 8th of the same month, an earthquake occurred. The French Governor-General, Gourbeyere, writing on the 9th, gives the following mournful picture of the calamity which had fallen on the place:—

"Pointe-à-Pitre, Feb. 9, 3 o'clock.

"Pointe-à-Pitre is entirely destroyed. What was spared by the earthquake has since perished by fire, which burst out a few minutes after the houses fell. I am writing in the midst of the ruins of this unfortunate city, in presence of a population without food and without asylum, in the midst of the wounded, of whom the number is considerable (it is said from 1,500 to 1,800!). The dead are still under the ruins, and their number is calculated at several thousands. The fire is still raging. All the quarters of the colony have suffered. The town of Moule has been destroyed, and 30 persons are dead. The small towns of St Frances, St Anne, Port Louis, Bertrand, and St Rose, have been overturned, and in all there are dead and wounded."

A correspondent writing from Martinique says—"The first person who has arrived at Fort Royal from the afflicted island is an old retired captain, aged 72, who escaped as by a miracle. He was buried in the ruins, and there remained for more than an hour. He states that, at the moment after the shock, fires broke out, and consumed much that it had spared. In this additional calamity the hospital was included; such of the patients as were

able made their escape, but many were burnt alive with the building. No calculation can yet be made of the number of the killed, but it is estimated at one-third of the population. Among the killed are two distinguished advocates, M. Borne de Grand Pré and M. Cardoee."

Another writes, "Women and young girls may be seen with two or three limbs fractured. The scene is a hundred times more horrible than a field of battle."

It is perhaps not generally known that in former times the Bermudas had so fearful a name for storms and earthquakes that sailors dared not to approach them. They avoided the coast as an enchanted land, and when, from the shipwreck of Sir Thomas Gates and others, one ship's crew ventured there, the landing of these individuals was called "The Discovery of the Bermudas or the Sommer Islands." A very curious account of this "discovery" was published in 1613 by one of the adventurers, which opens in the following Robinson-Crusoe-like strain:—

"Being in the ship called the 'Sea Venture' with Sir Thomas Gates, our governor, Sir George Sommers, and Captain Newport, three most worthy, honoured gentlemen (whose valour and fortitude the world must needs take notice of, and that in the most honourable designs) bound for Virginia, in the height of thirty degrees of northerly latitude or thereabouts, we were taken with a most sharp and cruel storm upon the five-and-twentieth day of July, 1609, which did not only separate us from the rest of our fleet (which were eight in number), but with the violent working of the seas, our ship became so shaken, torn, and leaky, that she received so much water as covered two tire of hogheads above the ballast, that our men stood up to their middle with buckets, baricots, and kettles, to bail out the water, and continued pumping for three days and three nights together without any intermission, and yet the water seemed rather to increase than diminish, insomuch that all our men, being utterly spent, tyred, and disabled for longer labour, were even resolved, without any hope of their lives, to shut by the hatches, and to have committed themselves to the mercy of the sea (which is said to be merciless), or rather to the mercy of their mighty God and Redeemer (whose mercies exceed all his works), seeing no help nor hope in the apprehension of man's reason that any mother's child could escape that inevitable danger which every man had proposed and digested to himself, of present sinking. So that some of them having some good and comfortable waters in the ship, fetched them and drank one to the other, taking their last leave one of the other until their more joyful and happy meeting in a more blessed world, when it pleased God, out of his most gra-

cious and merciful Providence, so to direct and guide our ship (being left to the mercy of the sea) for her most advantage, that Sir George Sommers, setting upon the poope of the ship (where he sate three dayes and nights together without meales, meat, and little or no sleep) coursing the ship to keep her as upright as he could (for otherwise she must instantly have foundered) most wishedly and happily desried land."

The writer proceeds to give the sequel of their adventures. He and his companions landed to the number of a hundred and fifty, on the 28th of July, 1609. He speaks in the most glowing terms of all he saw on shore. According to him a perfect Paradise had been discovered instead of that land of horrors which it had been supposed existed there. Every scene he found fair—the climate healthful, and the abundance of fish, flesh, and fowls so great, that there was nothing left to be desired. Soon after this incident other adventurers visited the Bermudas, and the islands were formally colonized in 1612.

GAUDRI THE NORMAN.

The disorders of the middle ages present many extraordinary scenes. Of these not the least interesting and remarkable is the history of Gaudri, the Norman bishop. M. Capefigue has furnished a very striking epitome of the facts. It is in substance as follows:—

From ancient records it appears that the town of Laon was under the temporal government of the prelate who held its see. It had no police, and was constantly the scene of the greatest disorders. The nobles and their followers treated with cruelty and injustice the burghers; the burghers oppressed the peasants and serfs; taxes were levied by the strongest, and property was not respected. In 1106 the bishopric had been got possession of, by dint of money, by one Gaudri, a Norman, who frequented the altar but little, and was mightily given to horses, dogs, and falcons. To these unseemly pursuits he joined the greatest cruelty of character. Among his followers was one of those black slaves brought by the barons on their return from a crusade. He had been one of the instruments of the bishop's cruelty on the burghers: in the bishop's palace he had torn out the eyes of one inhabitant of the town, and by his orders had assassinated another in the metropolitan church. The burghers were naturally exasperated, and conspired to establish a *commune*. Gaudri was at that time in England with the Norman king. The burghers addressed propositions to the nobles and the chapter of the church,

offering to purchase their municipal liberties. Deeds were drawn up, and considerable sums of money paid. On his return from England, Gaudri himself confirmed them, "because he had a great want of money." But the bishop had soon squandered, in horses, dogs, and gambling, the money of the burghers, and he found that the duties payable by the town, and fixed by the municipal charter, were not enough to satisfy his wants. He resolved, therefore, to abolish the *commune*, and persuaded the nobles, and even King Louis VI, to second his designs. The king came to Laon on Holy Thurday, A.D. 1113; the next day it was published by sound of trumpet that the *commune* was dissolved, and that the burghers should no longer retain their banner, their town-house, and their *befry*. This news created great confusion: all the shops and hostellries were immediately shut, and the burghers took arms. Forty of them took a mutual oath to kill the bishop and all the nobles who had threatened the existence of the rising *commune*. The conspiracy got wind, and Gaudri was informed of it. His friends beseeched him not to go out on the day of the Easter procession. He treated their prudent advice with levity and contempt. "For shame!" said he, "*I die by the hands of such folks!* If John, my black, were to amuse himself by pulling the nose of the stoutest among them, he durst not even grumble." However, he caused himself to be surrounded in the procession by his knights and servants, who wore arms under their robes. Whilst the procession was winding down one of the streets, the mob began to cry "*Commune! Commune!*" but owing to some want of understanding among themselves, this time the project of the conspirators fell to the ground. On Easter Thursday, while the bishop, in complete security, was conversing with an archdeacon named Gauhier, the cry of "*Commune!*" was again heard. At this signal numbers of burghers, armed with lances and bows, clubs and axes, surrounded the episcopal palace. The nobles who ran to its succour were massacred, and the citizens by main force entered the palace, crying, "Where is the traitor of a bishop, the scoundrel?" Gaudri had hid himself in a vat, where he would not have been found but for the treachery of a servant. One Thergand, a serf of the church of St Vincent, who was the ringleader of the insurrection, having taken off the cover of the tun, struck it with his club, crying out, "Is there anybody within?" The trembling bishop answered, "Ah! it is an unhappy prisoner." "Oh, it is you, then, master fox," said the serf of St Vincent's, "that have hidden yourself in this tun?" Saying these words, he dragged the

bishop by the hair out of his hiding place: the poor Gaudri prayed and supplicated, promising on the Gospel to abdicate the bishopric, and leave the country for ever. But his prayers were not listened to; and the serf gave him a blow on the head with his two-edged axe. The second blow finished him. The burghers cut off his little finger, in order to take his rich pastoral ring; his body was dragged into the street, and every one that passed threw mud and stones upon it.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICINE.

MR JACOB BELL, intending to write a few pages to introduce the 'Pharmaceutical Journal' to the profession, was led on step by step till he had written a goodly pamphlet of more than a hundred. It is now given to the world as a separate publication. Besides being a valuable record of many things of great importance to the medical world, but of modern date, he has gone back to former times, and produced, in aid of his general plan, an abundance of rare and entertaining matter. We give a few specimens.

DOCTORS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

The first act of parliament relating to the medical profession was passed in the year 1511, and is entitled 'An Act for the appointing of Physicians and Surgeons.' The preamble is worded thus:—"Forasmuch as the science and cunning of Physick and Surgery (to the perfect knowledge of which be requisite both great learning and ripe experience), is daily within this realm exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part have no manner of insight in the same, nor in any other kind of learning; some also can read no letters on the book, so far forth that common artificers, as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomably take upon them great cures, and things of great difficulty, in the which they partly use sorcery and witchcraft, partly apply such medicines unto the disease as be very noxious, and nothing meet therefore, to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the faculty, and the grieved hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the King's liege people; most especially of them that cannot discern the uncleaning from the cunning. Be it therefore (to the surety and comfort of all manner of people) by the authority of this present Parliament enacted, That no person within the city of London, nor within seven miles of the same, take upon him to exercise and occupy as a Physician or Surgeon, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London, or by the Dean of St Paul's, for

the time being, calling to him or them four Doctors of Physic, and for Surgery, other expert persons in that faculty."

In the year 1518, Thomas Linacre, the physician of Henry the Eighth, proposed the establishment of a College of Physicians, which was accomplished on the 23rd of September of that year. The powers of this body were extended in the year 1540: the physicians were exonerated from the necessity of attendance on juries and parochial offices, and were empowered to enter the houses of apothecaries in London, "to search, view, and see the apothecary-wares, drugs, and stuffs," and to destroy such as they found corrupt or unfit for use. In the same year the barbers and surgeons were united into one company, but the surgeons were prohibited from shaving, and the barbers were restricted from performing any surgical operations, except drawing teeth. The physicians, however, were allowed to practise surgery.

CHOICE RECIPE.

Culpeper says, that "The head of a cole black cat being burnt to ashes in a new pot, and some of the ashes blown into the eye every day, helps such as have a skin growing over their sight. If there happen any inflammation, moisten an oak leaf in water and lay it over the eye."

AN OLD FASHIONED LAMP.

A house and shop, with a laboratory, were built on the Bedford estate, in the year 1706, by Ambrose Godfrey Hanckwitz, who had carried on business as a chemist in the neighbourhood since 1680. He was a maker of phosphorus and other chemicals, which were rare at that period, and which he sold in different parts of the country during his travels. His laboratory was a fashionable resort in the afternoon, on certain occasions, when he performed popular experiments for the amusement of his friends. It opened with glass doors into a garden, which extended as far as the Strand, but which is now built upon. Four curious old prints of the laboratory in its former state, are in the possession of its present proprietors, Messrs Godfrey and Cooke, of Southampton street, Covent garden, also a portrait of Ambrose Godfrey Hanckwitz, engraved by George Virtue (1718), which he distributed among his customers as a keepsake.

FINE ARTS.

GRACE is everywhere conspicuous in the works of the ancients, as might be expected, from their assiduous study of form. Nothing can be more simple, easy, and natural than the positions of most of their statues. We see no affected contrasts—no attempts at what is emphati-

cally called *attitude*—no waste of effort. And when graceful movement was required, as in their dancing or floating nymphs, nothing can be more beautifully expressed. The most frequent examples of grace among the moderns are to be met with in the works of Raffaele, Ludovico Carracci, Parmegiano, and Correggio, though both the latter, by attempting to carry it too far, occasionally fell into affectation, than which it has not a more irreconcileable foe. Flaxman and Stothard, in our own country, may be held up safely, and exultingly, to the student, as possessing this fascinating quality in its greatest purity. In treating of *forms*, next to the human figure, the theory of *drapery* demands attention, and here again we are deeply indebted to the antique. The ancients, who employed drapery to decorate, and not conceal, the human figure, have, in their sculpture, left us most excellent examples of various kinds, in motion and at rest (some large and ample in its folds and texture, some of extreme delicacy). The student should carefully investigate these, for although painting does not, perhaps, always require the same degree of precision and definition, yet he may gain from the antique, better than from any other source, an insight into the principles on which it should be adjusted; and by reference to nature, and to the demands of his own art, obtain a knowledge of its true theory.—Howard's *Lectures on Painting*.

COLOURING PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

M. ARAGO has presented to the Academy of Sciences some of the above pictures, by M. Lechi. The colouring is effected by depositing successive uniform layers of colour on each part of the picture, the overplus quantity of which is removed by passing the plate through hot water. What remains of the colour, after this ablation, does not in the least injure the appearance or alter the form of the image: the effect is different from that obtained by colouring an image upon paper, in which, if a uniform colour be put on those parts where the tone of colour is the same, it will always be seen that the shadows have at first been black. In the specimens presented by M. Lechi, the shadows, on the contrary, seem to result from the application of several layers of the same colour. Thus, it seems, that those parts of the picture which were at first black, retain, after being washed, a larger portion of colouring matter than the lighter parts.

Ancient Science.—According to Pliny, a bridge of iron, prepared in a way that rendered it proof against the action of the weather, formerly connected the shores of the Euphrates.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

(Continued).

To confirm into rational attachment a mere transient fancy, Evelyn had but to inhabit for a while the same house with the susceptible soldier; and to bring this about, Aileen had only to hint at her father's desolate condition, and the fatigues likely to devolve from the stranger's protracted illness on their old faithful nurse. All of deception which the nature of either sister would permit the one to practise, was a request, urged with what seemed an excess either of modesty or caution, that the subject of the rescue from the wreck should, if alluded to by the patient, be studiously waived and avoided, and the invalid decidedly prevented from expatiating on a topic to the excitement of which his illness was perhaps, chiefly due. Nor was the unsuspecting Evelyn at all aware of the importance attached by the soldier to the share in that rescue of her almost amphibious sister, still less of the sentiments to which gratitude on *that score* had already given birth; and, therefore, the more disposed to yield to Aileen's parting entreaties, that the poor sick gentleman might not, if possible, discover (at least till restored to health) the change in his youthful attendant.

All this seemed natural enough, and was easily and lightly promised: Evelyn engaging to sit down "as if she had never been away," on the low stool, in the as yet only half-conscious invalid's sick room—and let him talk as wildly as he chose, without interruption (save on the matter of the wreck) to his, alas! absent "Aileen." "And you'll let old Onagh call you so, sister dear, just to beguile her into thinking it's her darling that's away; and for my father, you know, he never could frame his lips to the name that sounds, after all, only like English for Aileen; so, you'll just be Aileen to them all, till the gentleman's better, and spring comes round."

Into all these fond arrangements, the affectionate daughter and sister unconsciously entered. She was quite young, and, though her town-breeding, quite merry enough to enjoy the metamorphosis; and when her father seeing, for the first time, her snooded hair peeping forth in its natural luxuriance from beneath the hood of the graceful national cloak, snatched her to his heart, and exclaimed, "my own, my own blessed Aileen!" the kind girl felt as if she never till then had known the inestimable value of a parent's love.

Colonel Sydenham, had he even been more alive than, alas! his weakness yet permitted, to surrounding objects, must have been gifted with divination, had he guessed that the fairy creature, sitting on the low stool aforesaid, and humming, *sotto voce*, snatches of Aileen's old favourite

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ballads, was another, and not the same with the object of his scarcely remembered declaration.

But if he gazed with unaltered, though undefined feelings, on the lovely form that now hovered around his pillow—in the reciprocal interest inspired, there was, ere long, a mighty difference. To the pre-occupied heart and fancy of Aileen, the sick stranger had only been the object of a pity and sympathy, not altogether unmixed with awe; and almost the only sensation awakened by his passionate burst of romantic gratitude, was thankfulness that she had already a bridegroom of her own age and station, with as fine a martial figure as the gallant officer before her, and a face on which no sabre-cuts had as yet stamped their heroic legend.

But in the fancy of Evelyn, again, whose limited studies, assisted by her grandmother's reminiscences of a long life of adventure, were pretty much confined to the military portion of the library of her half-medical, half-martial grandfather, the ideas of scars and glory were indissolubly identified. Though instinctively shrinking from so doing, as the mere inhabitant of a "barrack," she had long sighed to "follow a soldier" through the stirring scenes which yet lived in Mrs. Evelyn's remembrance. And though looking up, ere long, as expression gradually re-illumined his commanding features, to Colonel Sydenham, with a respectful admiration, little short of her untutored sister's—she felt that thus to look up through life, to one her superior in rank, and age, and endowments, was the lot which, of all this earth could afford, seemed sweetest and most enviable.

To the subject of his love, Colonel Sydenham, sobered and subdued as he was to a more rational frame of mind by sickness and reflection, again reverted. He had not, however, altogether forgotten its hasty avowal, under the blended excitement of gratitude and incipient fever; but while, as regarded himself, the transient fancy he felt was daily assuming a higher and far different character, he resolved to be guided in urging a suit—to the ineligibility of which he was now not wholly blind—by the degree of reciprocal feeling which its former announcement should seem to have awakened in the breast of the lovely preserver of his life.

Of the extent and depth of this sentiment he could not long remain ignorant, and it gratified him the more from the scrupulous care, so opposite to village coquetry, with which it was veiled from his notice by one whose heart, he little dreamt he was as yet, in spite of her utmost efforts, "winning, unwooed."

It was not long thus: for the Colonel, whose eyes had not, of late, been silent, spoke, and spoke eloquently. And though

he did preface his declaration with expressions of gratitude, which, even while misinterpreting them as relating to his recovery from illness, Evelyn would conscientiously shrink from appropriating. Yet, as he was too delicate either to tender his hand as the price of his rescue, or to allude to any former hasty step which might bear that interpretation, there was nothing to induce her to imagine that the regard, of which she had witnessed, with trembling hope, the gradual growth, or the words, every tone of which was music to her soul, had ever been previously directed to-day, were even still addressed to another.

Ere conviction was at length forced upon Evelyn, that it was the preserver of his life from shipwreck whom Guy not only imagined he was rewarding with rank and station—but had half succeeded in inducing his family, *in that capacity*, to tolerate—the heart of the poor girl was so inextricably won—her every feeling so indissolubly bound up with the hope of living, if not dying for him, for whom her sister had been privileged to peril life; that it was not in human, perhaps—certainly not in female nature to disclaim the character.

Once his, when the devotedness of years should have riveted her claims on his indulgence, and reconciled him at least to the exchange, she trusted to being endowed with strength to make the confession that the Aileen of his gratitude, and the Evelyn of his love, were, alas! different beings.

To make a long tale short, Colonel Sydenham, dubbed, for the twentieth time in his life, on the same score, a Quixote by his own relations, and indemnified for their scorn by the well-nigh idolatrous respect of those of his bride, was united for life to Evelyn Clare, just three months after her sister's very different wedding, and just in time to obey similar hasty summons to rejoin the head-quarters of his regiment in England.

Evelyn's first pang—one, too, the memory of which haunted her through many a year of conscious duplicity—arose from the remark made by her husband on the fears, which it never occurred to her ingenuous nature to suppress (could she even have done so), on encountering a storm on their passage to England. "Never, till now, my Evelyn," whispered the adoring bridegroom, "did I know to what an exertion of heroism my preservation on that awful night was due? For yourself, I see you can tremble like a woman; but for others, you could dare when man would have hesitated!"

How truly did Evelyn, on hearing these words, experience that to plunge, in his behalf, amid the foaming waters around, would require a less effort of courage than to say the one word which might for ever open between them a gulf more terrible still. All she could do, was to shrink from

the subject with such manifest and unfeigned reluctance—grounded, he supposed, on the remembered horrors of the scene—that Sydenham, in compassion, never recurred to it himself, and exacted of his friends a similar forbearance.

For many succeeding, and, on the whole, happy years, Evelyn followed her husband to the scenes of his military employment, with brief intervals of feverish solicitude for his safety, when compelled, by necessity, to separate from him. It was then that the remembrance of her usurped place in his affections rose like a knell from the very depths of memory; while a remnant of superstition, from which no Irish cottage maiden was ever, perhaps, entirely free, made her regard the denial of a child, to bless their union, or cheer the painful period of absence with its smiles, in the light of a chastisement for past dissimulation.

About Aileen she omitted no opportunity of obtaining intelligence; though inquiries, rendered indirect by conscious duplicity, could throw little light, beyond the bare fact of her existence, on the vicissitudes of a common soldier's lot. Once, however—even after her father's death had robbed her of that channel of intercourse—she had heard directly from her sister, whose caution in wording and addressing her communication, showed her to be the same generous being as when she first planned a sister's elevation.

Years rolled on, some ten or twelve, perhaps, from their marriage, the latter part of them ungladdened by any recent tidings of Aileen, when Sir Guy Sydenham, knight (and knighthood for military merit was then a badge of distinction rarely accorded), was appointed, in further reward of his long services, Governor of an Island in the West Indies.

The arrival of Sir Guy and Lady Sydenham took place late in the year; and, willing as ever to please or be pleased, the gay and gallant governor fixed for the inauguration dinner and ball which were to win him golden opinions from his new subjects, on the, to *him*, ever-dear anniversary of Christmas Eve. Lady Sydenham, attired by his munificence in the fresh gifts which on that day never failed to weigh down the breast on which they glittered, had endured, as best she might, the previous part of the entertainment and the rapturous reply, fraught to *her* with painful though delicate allusions, made by her still adoring husband, when his wife's health was, as a matter of course, proposed. Under the acclamations elicited by his speech, its object, or rather its victim, contrived to escape, and gladly turned, to breathe freely and relieve her overburdened heart, from the illuminated and heated banquet-hall into the cool moonlit verandah running round every tropical residence.

The government house had been fitted up for, and but recently ceded by, Spanish authorities; and there was much in its arrangements of Moorish rather than Spanish attention to shade and coolness. In front of the slightly-raised balcony where Evelyn stood, lay a fountain designedly resembling a natural rocky basin, from whose interstices towered lofty shoots of the umbreagous plaintain tree, from amid the broad glittering leaves of which rose a perpetual jet of crystal sparkling water, whose perennial moisture served to refresh, nay almost to nourish, the living carpet of gay flowers, which, in devices of almost Turkish intricacy, clothed the elsewhere arid ground, and loaded the evening air with well-nigh overpowering fragrance. Beyond this delicious foreground, from the elevated platform on which the court-house stood—a slope all studded with plaintain residences, each embosomed in its separate grove of tall and stately trees—served by its dark outline to set off the more distinctly the calm expanse of sea then stretched beyond and sleeping beneath the unclouded beams of a tropical full moon—formed with the vast Atlantic of Evelyn's early reminiscences a contrast as complete as did her present agitated feelings with the calm of night around her.

The day was the first of the Christmas holidays, when the immemorial licence afforded to the slaves, and the degree in which it was improved for the purposes of sport and enjoyment, bore equal testimony to the kindness of their culminating masters, and to the unconquerable buoyancy of the negro character. Drums and horns, and shouts more discordant than either, came as yet softened by distance on the ear; while, at intervals, the more mellow strains of bands of female singers seemed to say that there was "music" in the voices, if not the "souls," of some of the joyous Africans.

It was while insensibly withdrawn from her own sad thoughts by the magic and novelty of the scene, that Evelyn's attention was attracted by two figures, which, emerging from a path leading up from the harbour, stole silently round the corner of the house towards the verandah. Her first emotion was that of slight alarm, which gave way on perceiving that one of them at least was apparently a woman, and on hearing, as she bent over the balustrade to reconnoitre, a whispered entreaty from a negro voice that "Missus, please stand still and hark a minute." Her next idea was, that the muffled-up figure might be the jack-pudding which each of the negro crafts at that festive season vie with each other in disguising, come as spokesman of the rest to obtain some favour, through her, from the governor.

(To be concluded in our next.)



Arms. Arg. two bars, dancettée, sa. Crest. A pair of wings, erect, ar, charged with two bars, dancettée, as in the arms. Supporters. Two griffins, wings expanded, or. Motto. Malo mori quam fedari. "I had rather die than be debased."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ATHLONE.

The founder of the Athlone family was Godart de Ginkell, commander-in-chief of the army of King William III. He served in the Irish campaign of 1691, and distinguished himself by intrepidity, presence of mind, and superior skill.

The siege of Athlone was that which most recommended him to the favour of his royal master. He advanced against it in June, 1691. The enemy resisted with great determination and some success. On the 30th it was debated whether the siege should not be raised. The decision of a council of war being in favour of continuing the operations, Major-Generals Talmash, Mackay, and others, having offered to cross the river and attack the enemy, the detachment drawn out the day before was brought down at the usual hour of relieving the guards, that the enemy might not suspect anything extraordinary. All being ready the signal was given, and "Captain Sandys and two lieutenants led the first party of sixty grenadiers, all in armour, and twenty a-breast, seconded by another good body of foot, and with an unparalleled resolution took the ford that was a little to the left of the bridge, against a bastion of the enemies, the stream being very rapid, and the passage exceedingly difficult by reason of some great stones that were in the river; at the same time the English great and small shot began to play from the works and batteries upon those of the enemy on the other side, who fired again like hail upon those that passed the river; but at length the latter most gallantly forced their way through all the fire and smoke of the enemy, and having gained the opposite bank, the rest laid planks over the broken part of the bridge, while others were preparing the pontoons, whereby the English passed over so fast, that in less than half an hour they became masters of the town, and possessed themselves of the works that remained entire towards the enemy's camp. The Irish were so astonished at the suddenness of the attack and resolution of the English, that they quickly abandoned the

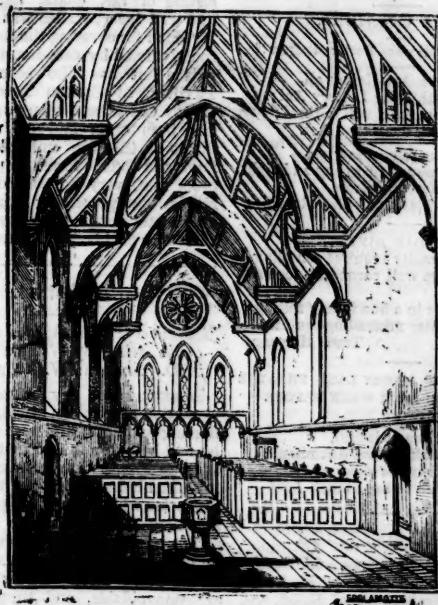
place and fled to the army, though not without considerable loss. The besiegers had not above fifty men killed in this considerable action, where they found now more obstruction from the rubbish and stuff beaten down by their cannon, than from the enemy, which made the soldiers curse and swear bitterly, and gave occasion to that excellent person, Major-General Mackay, to tell them 'they had more reason to fall down upon their knees and thank God for the victory, and that they were brave men, and the best of men if they would swear less.'

A diary of the events which occurred during the progress of the siege is extant; two passages from it are sufficiently remarkable to extract.

"The 23rd. This day, about ten in the morning, our tin boats, or pontoons, arrived in the camp. Some of our soldiers, going among the enemy's dead, and several for plunder, heard a voice crying '*boire, boire,*' that is, in English, 'drink, drink,' and making towards the place, they found it to be a French Lieutenant-Colonel, who having his back broke, and being wounded in several other places, had lain there ever since the late action on the 20th.

"The 24th. About seven this evening one of the grenadiers belonging to the Lord Lisburn's regiment perceived a colour of the enemy's floating on the river, just under one of the arches of the bridge. He immediately stripped and swam thither, and though, I believe, above a hundred shot were made at him, yet the fellow brought it off flying, and presented it to the general, who generously rewarded him with five guineas."

Ginkell was raised to the peerage March 4, 1692, as Baron of Aghrim and Earl of Athlone, and at the same time he received a grant of 26,000 acres of land, the confiscated estate of William Dougate, Earl of Limerick. This grant was, however, subsequently reversed by Parliament, and the Earl then returned to his native country, where, as a soldier, he again distinguished himself. He died February 11, 1720, and was succeeded by his son.



THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

WE this week submit to our readers a correct architectural view of the interior of the new chapel at Roehampton, of which we gave the exterior in our last number but one. Some idea may be formed of its elegance from the pictorial representation above. It will be found well worthy of a visit.

In this edifice a remarkable instance is presented of the varying views of individuals, and a pleasant instance is furnished of the amicable way in which a truly Christian spirit can adjust differences. Of the seats taken by the superior classes who worship here, some are inclosed in pews; while others, approaching the primitive usage, are left open. The eye will be struck by some irregularity which is the result; but the feelings of good-will which allow all to exercise their own judgment, demand approval, and are worthy of imitation. The temple of the Deity is not the place in which worldly fancies ought to provoke adverse feelings. Here they exhibit variety, but all is harmony.

No difference exists between the style of the pews or seats of the wealthy and those of their poorer brethren, excepting

that of a carpet or hassock, which the taste of the owners may supply. We cannot conclude without mentioning the labours of the reverend incumbent, Dr Beiber, who is a German by birth, and who has willingly brought upon himself a task of great labour. At nine o'clock every morning throughout the year he is to be found administering spiritual comfort to those who may wish to attend the chapel, without claiming any increase of stipend, but solely actuated by the pious feeling of his holy calling. In the view (which is in outline) to show more particularly the architectural ornaments, it is impossible to give the beautiful effect produced by the trefoiled arches at the back of the altar, which are highly enriched by painting and gilding, after the manner of the ancient churches.

Egyptian Skill.—The ancient Egyptians are believed to have possessed means of transporting huge masses which are unknown at the present day. How else, it is asked, were they able to move masses of rock above 800 tons in weight across 140 miles of desert country, which they accomplished?

THE MIRROR.

MIRROR LEVITIES.

LEGAL OPINIONS.

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

Talfourd declares Art-Unions all,
Must come within the Lottery Act;
Which poor subscribers will enthrall;
Kelly and Clark deny that fact.
'Tis ever thus the sons of law
Our views confound of wrong and right,
And make us inferences draw,
That white is black, and black is white.

A BROAD HINT.

Let him whose vanity requires consoling
Through sneers well earned by fooleries
in print:
No more for "eye in a fine frenzy rolling"
Mistake a sinister misleading squint.

TUFT HUNTER.

ON THE CLOSING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE
TWO NIGHTS IN EACH WEEK BEFORE
EASTER.

With Drury's actors, it is said,
Brief labour wakes great discontent;
However little they are paid,
They never wish to have much Lent.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

L'ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES.—M. Dumas read a report on the memoir of M. Le Dr Donné, 'On the constitution of Blood, and on the effects of injecting milk into the Vessels.' The author traces in blood: 1st, the well-known red globules; 2nd, large white globules, endowed with distinct properties; 3rd, globules of chyle, which are easily recognised. Believing the latter to be analogous to milk, he has injected milk into the veins of animals, all of whom have borne it without inconvenience, except the horse, to whom it has been fatal. After a few days the milk is associated with the blood. The question to be solved is this; must this complete assimilation between the globules of chyle and those of milk be accepted?

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—In a recent discussion upon Mr Clay's process of making malleable iron at one process from hematite ore, it was shown that, of the twenty-five thousand tons of steel made annually in this country, not more than two thousand five hundred tons were made from the best quality of Swedish iron; the rest being made from inferior charcoal iron (from Russia and Germany, or from English iron), which was not well calculated for converting. It was therefore desirable to encourage Mr Clay's process.

'A Description of the Roofs over Buckingham Palace, covered with Lord Stanhope's Composition,' by Mr. Hogg,

was lately read. The composition, consisting of tar, chalk, and sand, boiled and well incorporated, was introduced by Mr Nash for covering the fire-proof arched roofs, carried by cast-iron beams over the palace; it has also been used at the Pavilion, at Carlton Terraces, at East Cowes Castle, and many other places; it has been often laid on wooden joists. Slates or tiles are embedded in it while fluid, and thus is formed a perfectly water proof roof, very durable, demanding few repairs, and possessing many advantages over metal roofs. The cost varied from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* 18*s.* per square.

REVIEWS.

Mechanical Philosophy and its Application to the Arts. By William B. Carpenter, M.D. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

"SCIENCE is too dry for me," is the exclamation of many an intelligent but unreflecting man. Let him open this book, and he will be likely to find that, in taking up such an idea, he has mistaken science and mistaken himself. In the varieties of information which this 'Cyclopaedia' contains he will find, we venture to say, a fund of rational amusement. Repetitions of several of the terms used to explain the experiments and discoveries which it describes are unavoidable, and these may weary some impatient readers. It should, however, be remembered that such a work, to be enjoyed, is not to be run through in a morning or an evening. To enjoy it the reader must think. Let him do this, and the dryness against which he is disposed to protest will not be felt. We add an extract, which if the wonderful—if that which though true is more astonishing than any of the extravagance found in the 'Arabian Nights,' or other fairy tales, can amuse, we think will be read with avidity. It may, perhaps, not be impertinent to remark, that as the substantive dimensions of mind have not yet been ascertained, it is not certain that the small beings, of which two millions of millions may be contained in one cubic inch of sand, are incapable of some degree of reflection. Acuteness of perception does not depend upon bulk, and we know not where, after what we see, to set bounds in imagination to the wonders which the Almighty can perform. Dr Carpenter says there are

"Animalcules possessing a complex internal structure, having the power of imbibing and digesting food, of moving with great rapidity, and (as it would seem from their actions) of enjoying life during the brief span allotted to them, which are far smaller than the minutest particles of blood. The minutest kind of these are

termed Monads; they present the appearance of little points of jelly, in active movement; and no distinct structure can be traced in them. When they are put into water, however, in which a little indigo or carmine has been rubbed, coloured spots are soon distinguishable in their bodies, arising from the filling of interior cavities with the minutest particles of the colouring substance. Now the whole monad is from 1-18,000th to 1-24,000th part of an inch in diameter. In the smaller ones as many as four, and in the larger ones as many as six, of these spots could be seen, not occupying above half the diameter of the animal; the diameter of each spot, therefore, could not be more than 1-144,000th part of an inch. From the roundness of these spots there must be several particles in each; if we only assume three, we obtain proof that there must be particles of the colouring substance diffused through the water of no more than 1-432,000th part of an inch in diameter. Further, in the larger animals of similar structure, it is seen that the spots are separated by membranous partitions of not greater thickness than one-twentieth of the diameter of the spot; and this would make the thickness of the partitions no more than 1-2,880,000th of an inch in the monads of smaller size. Again, in the larger species, the active movements may be distinctly seen to be due to the vibration of delicate hair-like filaments, termed *cilia*; though these cilia cannot be distinguished in the smallest monads, yet, as the movements are evidently the same, they must doubtless exist in them; and they cannot have a greater diameter than 1-450,000th of an inch. If the same calculations were extended to the young animals, or to species too small to be discerned, except under the most favourable circumstances, the minuteness of the particles of whose existence we should then have evidence would be found to be still more inconceivable.

"Again, there is found at Bilin, in Germany, a deposit of siliceous (flinty) character, which occupies a surface of great extent (probably the site of an ancient lake), and forms stony layers of fourteen feet in thickness. This bed supplies the *tripoli* used by artisans in metal for polishing their work, and also the fine sand employed to form moulds for casting small articles in Berlin iron. For these purposes its consumption in Berlin alone is not less than from 50 to 60 cwt. yearly. It is almost entirely composed of the sheaths or coverings of a kind of animalcule, which has the power of separating flinty matter from the water in which it dwells, and of producing out of this a sort of case analogous to the shell of a crab or lobster. The length of one of these is

about the 1-3,500th of an inch; and it is hence calculated, that about 23 millions of them are contained in a cubic line of the sand, and 41,000 millions in a cubic inch. As a cubic inch weighs 220 grains, about 187 millions would be contained in a grain weight of this sand.

"The minuteness of these is yet surpassed by that of the animalcules of the iron-ochre, a yellowish-brown substance found in certain marshes. These are only about 1-12,000th of an inch in diameter; so that a cubic line would thus contain 1,000 millions of them, and a cubic inch nearly two million millions. Yet these animalcules must have each had a fabric composed of a number of parts, whose size would be small in comparison to that of its whole body. There seems, therefore, no limit whatever to the subdivision of material particles in the natural growth of animal bodies."

Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country. By Madame C—— de la B——. Part II.

SEVERAL of the pictures here furnished are vigorously painted, but sometimes the writer wastes herself on details which can only interest those connected with the individuals described. There is an air o spinning out which is found wearisome. The following sketch of a ball is good. It took place at San Augustin:

"There were people of all classes; *modistes* and carpenters, shop-boys, tailors, hatters, and hosiers, mingled with all the *haute ton* of Mexico. Every shop-boy considered himself entitled to dance with every lady, and no lady considered herself as having a right to refuse him, and then to dance with another person. The Señora de ——, a most high-bred and dignified person, danced with a stable-boy in a jacket and without gloves, and he appeared particularly gratified at the extraordinary opportunity thus afforded him of holding her white gloves in his brown paws."

We must not omit the costumes.

"The general dress of the company consisted of a single blanket, gracefully disposed in folds about the person; so as to show various glimpses of a bronze skin. To this some added a pair of Mexican pantaloons, and some shirt of a doubtful colour. There were many with large hats, most of which had crowns or parts of crowns, but all affording free entrance to the fresh air. Generally speaking, however, the head was uncovered, or covered only with its native thatching of long, bushy, tangled black hair. This might be out of compliment to the ladies, of whom there were several, and who ought in politeness to have been mentioned first.

THE MIRROR.

"Nothing could be simpler than their costume, consisting of a very dirty and extremely torn chemise, with short sleeves, a shorter petticoat, and a pair of shoes, generally of dirty satin : also a rebozo, and the long hair hanging down as Eve's golden locks may have done in Paradise."

We subjoin a very piquant story of the Viceroy Revillagigedo :—

"A lady of fortune, owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties, and in immediate want of a small sum of money. Don —— being her *compadre*, and a respectable merchant, she went to him to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as a security for repayment, provided he would advance her eight hundred dollars. He agreed, and the bargain was concluded without any written document, the lady depositing her jewels and receiving the sum. At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her *compadre's* house to repay the money, and receive back her jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to his astonished *compadre*, that as to the jewels, he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place. The Señora, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the palace of the vice-king, hoping for justice from this Western Solomon, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained. She was instantly received by Revillagigedo, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances. 'Had you no witnesses?' said the count. 'None,' replied she. 'Did no servant pass in or out during the transaction?' 'No one.' The viceroy reflected a moment. 'Does your *compadre* smoke?' 'No, sir,' said the lady, astonished at this irrelevant question, and perhaps the more so, as the count's aversion to smoking was so well known that none of his smoking subjects ventured to approach him without having taken every precaution to deaden any odour of the fragrant weed which might lurk about their clothes or person. 'Does he take snuff?' said the viceroy. 'Yes, your Excellency,' said his visitor, who probably feared that for once his Excellency's wits were wool-gathering. 'That is sufficient,' said the viceroy ; 'retire into the adjoining chamber and keep quiet—your jewels shall be restored.' His Excellency then despatched a messenger for the merchant, who immediately presented himself. 'I have sent for you,' said the viceroy, 'that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the state.' The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy ; while the viceroy entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profes-

sion. Suddenly the viceroy put his hand first in one pocket, then in the other, with the air of a man who has mislaid something. 'Ah !' said he, 'my snuff-box. Excuse me for a moment while I go to fetch it from the next room.' 'Sir!' said the merchant, 'permit me to have the honour of offering my box to your Excellency.' His Excellency received it as if mechanically, holding it in his hand and talking, till pretending some business he went out, and calling an officer, desired him to take that snuff-box to the merchant's house, asking his wife as from him, by that token, to deliver to the bearer a case of jewels which he had there. The viceroy returned to the apartment where he had left his flattered guest, and remained in conversation with him until the officer returned, and requesting private speech of the viceroy, delivered to him a jewel-case which he had received from the merchant's wife. Revillagigedo then returned to his fair complainant, and under pretence of showing her some rooms in the palace, led her into one, where amongst many objects of value, the jewel-case stood open. No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it than she started forward in joy and amazement. The viceroy requested her to wait there a little longer, and returned to his other guest. 'Now,' said he, 'before going further, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the Señorade ——?' 'Intimately, sir—she is my *compadre*.' 'Did you lend her eight hundred dollars at such a date?' 'I did.' 'Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?' 'Never,' said the merchant, vehemently. 'The money was lent without any security; merely an act of friendship, and she has invented a story concerning some jewels, which has not the slightest foundation.' In vain the viceroy begged him to reflect, and not, by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. The merchant with oaths persisted in his denial. The viceroy left the room suddenly, and returned with the jewel-case in his hand ; at which unexpected apparition the astonished merchant changed colour, and entirely lost his presence of mind. The viceroy ordered him from his presence with a severe rebuke for his falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him, the next morning, eight hundred dollars with five hundred more ; which he did, and which were, by the viceroy's order, distributed amongst the hospitals. His Excellency is said to have added a severe reprimand to the lady for having made a bargain without writing."

Treatise on the Pot-Culture of the Grape.
By John Mearns. W. S. Orr & Co.

This little book is one which, to practical men, may prove of considerable service. It is written in a plain, straightforward manner, and is on a subject which Mr Mearns considers to have been somewhat neglected, although deserving careful attention from its importance, and from the medicinal properties of the vine. "The amateur," he says, "will be furnished with a delightful source of instructive amusement. A single vine in a large pot, or grown as a dwarf standard, in the manner practised in the vineyards in the north of France, generally produces from three to nine bunches." But Mr Loudon observes, "That by superior management in gardens in England, the number of bunches is prodigiously increased, and that one plant of the red Hamburg sort, in the viney of the Royal gardens at Hampton Court, has produced 2,200 bunches, averaging one pound each, or in all, nearly one ton." We can hardly add anything more calculated to recommend this little book to the notice of those who are engaged in horticultural pursuits.

The subjoined extract will show that the writer has been most diligent.

"The varieties are exceedingly numerous; partly from the antiquity of the vine, it having, as Professor Martyn remarks, been cultivated from the time of Noah; partly from the influence of soil and climate in changing the qualities of grapes, there being hardly two vineyards in France or Italy where the sorts, though originally the same, remain long precisely alike; but chiefly, as far as respects this country, at least, from the facility with which new sorts are procured from seed. Tusser, in 1560, mentions only 'white and red' grapes. Parkinson, who was more of a horticulturist, gives, in 1627, a list of twenty-three sorts, including the white muscadine, which, he says, was 'very great, sweet, and firm; some of the bunches have weighed six pounds, and some of the berries half an ounce.' Ray, in 1688, enumerates many sorts as then most in request. Rea, in 1702, gives most of those in Ray's list, and adds five more sorts, recommending the red, white, and the d'Arbois, or royal muscadine, the Frontignans, and the blood-red, as the fittest sorts for England. The best vines, he says, were then on the walls of the physic garden at Oxford.

"Switzer, in 1717, says, 'It is to Lord Capel and Sir William Temple that we are owing that collection of good grapes now so plenty in England; the latter,' he says 'brought over the Chasselas, Parsley-leaved, and Frontignan; and also the Amboyna, Burgundy, black Muscat, and grizzly Frontignan; all highly approved,

and distributed amongst the nurserymen, as well as the nobility and gentry. The best grapes,' he tells us, 'were grown at Twickenham, Isleworth, and Richmond.' Speechley, from 1760 to 1790, excelled in the culture of the vine at Welbeck. The natural soil there and the low damp situation, is perhaps the worst for vines in the kingdom, and therefore requiring the most judicious management.

"The most valuable modern additions to the varieties of grapes in this country have been procured by sowing the seeds of sorts ripened in this country. That excellent grape, the red Hamburg, was raised from seed, about a century ago, by Warner, of Rotherhithe, already mentioned. Miller in the same way produced the variety of the black cluster, which bears his name. Speechley produced various new sorts, which have now a place in the catalogues of nurserymen. Williams of Pitmaston, Braddock of Thames Ditton, and, above all, the late president of the Horticultural Society, have raised several excellent varieties of the Sweetwater, Chasselas, and Hamburg grape. The great attention paid to natural history by such as go abroad has also contributed to the number of grapes. New sorts have been sent from Spain, Italy, and the East Indies, and many from France; so that the lists of British nurserymen exceed two hundred and fifty names. In France, during the consulship, in 1801, the celebrated chemist, Chaptal, when minister of the interior, ordered a specimen of every known variety of the grape to be collected from the different departments where the vine is grown, and planted in the nursery of the Luxembourg garden, with a view to ascertain their respective merits. Though this assortment was never completed, the number collected amounted to upwards of three hundred distinct varieties."

Spring Flowers. By Thomas William Newton. Haselden.

This cry has been so long kept up, that poetry will not sell, that we feel well disposed to applaud the intrepidity which ventures on a new collection of poems. We find 'Spring Flowers' an agreeable little volume, giving evidence of an amiable and cultivated mind. Mr Newton writes elegantly, but at times he negligently allows a crowd of monosyllables to come together, which impair the effect of his verses. Experience will give him greater facility, and be likely to add force and pungency to harmony.

EPITAPH ON A TIPPLING LADY.

Her clay beneath this marble lies,
Whose soul we trust ascends the skies,
She doubtless, for her taste and merits,
Is happy,—in the world of spirits.

THE MIRROR.

PAINTING IN ST SULPICE.

From 'L'Univers' (Paris.)

At St Sulpice, M. Heim has just painted, in encaustic, the Chapel of the Lost Souls of Purgatory, two walls and a little cupola with its arches. The titles inscribed beneath the two large lateral compositions are—under that on the left, “Religion encourages the Christian to suffer in this life that he may escape the pains of Purgatory;” under that on the right, “Prayer for the dead obtains the deliverance of the souls which suffer in Purgatory.” The subject is eminently Catholic. The artist must undergo the reproach of having constantly aimed at melodrama, at phantasmagoria. The first scene passes round a large bed, with a Gothic head-board, surmounted by an Italian Madonna. At the head of the bed a lamp sheds its sombre light; at the side of the dying person tapers burn; lastly, the rays of the moon penetrate by an open window, and the glory of the heavens replaces the ceiling of the chamber. From all these effects, thus wretchedly accumulated, there result only embarrassment, confusion, and fatigue, as well to the artist as to the spectator. The sick person, exhausted by suffering, is half raised from his couch, and appears expressly placed to serve for some anatomical study. A kneeling monk sustains the dying man on the right. On the left stands a female, very ugly, her head surmounted by a flame like those used by our republican artists to adorn the spirits of liberty and equality. Behind this wofully allegorical personage, two religious persons, carrying lighted tapers, enter, and a monk, prostrate near the bed, prays fervently. The family of the dying man occupies the fore part of the composition. In the first place, a woman on her knees, whom grief has not prevented from wearing a rose-coloured robe and a green spencer, finds sufficient strength to show a face, English and blonde, which makes a grimace rather than weeps.

The composition of the second picture is no better, but it is more obscure. On the first plane steps descend into a gaping pit; around are mattocks, unburied bones, a cross. At the back of the picture, on the left, Death, a frightful skeleton, is seated, covered with a cloak, a scythe in his hand; behind him flicker flames, over which an exterraining angel hovers. Before the cross persons are ranged in a semicircle, praying. A little frizzled angel bears the fearful keys. Another angel, larger, without wings, clothed in white, casts looks of pity on the suppliants: of all the celestial spirits of the Chapel of Purgatory this is the only one that has any fitness. The angels of M. Heim are distinguished by gaiety; the sight of human misery moves them but

little, and they give themselves up in full paradise to very un-Christian gymnastics.

Such is the extravagance of the composition of the clever artist M. Heim.

HOW TO CORRECT ERROR.

A pamphlet was published in 1713, entitled ‘Mr Asgill’s Apology for an Omission in his late Publication,’ which opened in the following quaint manner:—

“Without offence to the law, I hope I may tell a piece of an old story of a Welch Judg. Who being to condemn a prisoner convict of a capital crime, gave this sentence upon him :

“Look you!—you Prisoner at the Bar!

“Your Country have found you guilty.

“And the Sentence of the Law is

“That you go from hence to the place from whence you came,

“And from thence to a place of execution:

“And so I wish mercy to your soul.

“Upon which the Gaoler was carrying away the Prisoner,

“But a Justice of the Peace next the Judge whispered him:

“Your Lordship hath omitted a material part of the sentence. That when he comes to the place of execution he is to be hanged.”

“And well remembered,” said the Judge.

“And on that calls out,

“Hark ye, you Gaoler! bring that fellow back again!”

“Then said, ‘Look you, friend, you must be hanged too.’

“Now since my late publication I have met with this reproof from some of my readers:

“Tis true you have added to your postscript the special oath of abjuration as a memorandum against perjury;

“But you have omitted a material act of Parliament, that makes the same offence High Treason too.”

“And well remembered” (said I).

“And tho’ I can’t recal my Publication,

“I’ll send this threepenny messenger after it.”

“Hark ye, you honest men! that intend to forswear yourselves,

“I am no Judg, nor have any commission to pronounce sentence;

“But if you’ll consult your Alphabet you’ll find

“That Treason, and the Triangle near Paddington, both begin with the same letter.

[The *Triangle* was the popular name for the gallows which stood permanently at Tyburn, where the Edgeware road turns off to Paddington, and had three sides or beams from which culprits were suspended.]

“You know what I mean: A word to the wise.”

The Gatherer.

Medical Practice in Norway.—In the 'Christiansand Post' of Monday, September 5, 1842, there is an article reflecting in strong terms upon the proceedings of the "State Physician" of that town, towards a British gentleman travelling in Norway during the last summer. It appears that Mr Houston, a London surgeon, when conversing with some friends in the Britannia Hotel, at Christiansand, about the numerous and successful operations for the cure of strabismus, &c., &c., which he had recently performed in the northern counties of Scotland, was overheard by the landlord, who afterwards joined in the conversation, and requested Mr Houston to see a young person, in whom he took a great interest, and who was much disfigured by obliquity of vision. Mr Houston consented, operated, and effected a perfect cure. The patient's friends from an exuberance of gratitude and astonishment at the operation for squint, previously unknown, or at least unpractised in the place, talked much of the various cures, the report extended, and, as usual, received additional embellishments in its progress, so that in a few days the Britannia Hotel was besieged by persons suffering from diseases of the eye. Mr Houston's levees increased daily in number, which attracted the attention of the "State Physician," and he determining to take advantage of some law which had been introduced into their code, prohibiting "foreigners, &c.," not having the sanction of the constituted authorities, from practising, intimated this law to Mr Houston through the medium of the police, and he, rather than give offence, immediately ceased to practise, and declined to see any of his patients. To Mr Houston's great surprise several of the parties for whom he had prescribed in Norway followed him to London, so that the prohibition has only had effect in preventing the poorer classes from following a similar course, which clearly shows that the prohibitions of any country only effect the most necessitous, —the parties who ought rather to be the objects of especial care.—*Army and Navy Register and Woolwich Gazette.*

Lichen on Fruit Trees.—When fruit trees are infested with lichens and moss, the health of the trees is impaired, and the fruit also. The application of lime water, prepared in the following way, will effectually displace the lichen:—A common water-barrel, placed on a wheelbarrow, and filled as full of water as a person can conveniently wheel it. Put in plenty of quick-lime, but it should not be so thick as to

prevent its being applied with a syringe, having a coarse rose. It is best to use it as soon as made. One person should stir it while another syringes the tree; by this means a portion of the lime is carried with the water, and adheres both to the wall and trees. This mode of destroying lichen is nothing new, but it may not be generally known. I last year tried the experiment on two plum trees, and to my great satisfaction the lichens were quite destroyed. They now present a healthy appearance, and the bark is quite clean. It is an almost invariable practice to wash garden-pots thoroughly after the plants have been turned out of them, before they are made use of again; many of which are covered with a green vegetable production. If, after being washed, the pots are dipped into strong, clear lime-water, it will quite destroy this substance. As the present is a good time for applying it to trees, no time should be lost where they are attacked by this pest.—*G. G. Watson, Vicarage, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.*

An Army of Children.—As children naturally imitate the actions and manners of the adults about them, when the crusades were the theme of every tongue they often wished to become pilgrims and knights errant. In the year 1312 many thousands of boys and girls abandoned their homes, not only in France, but in Germany and Italy, giving out that they were bent upon delivering the Holy Land. The eldest were not more than eighteen. It was in vain that their parents attempted to restrain them. They watched opportunities of escape, and got away by making holes in the walls; and sallied forth from the paternal mansion with as much joy as if they had been going to a festival. The fate of these unhappy children, as may be supposed, was most unfortunate; they were entrapped in numbers by merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles, who were at that time engaged in the infamous traffic of supplying the seraglios of the East with children. A great many were shipped in the Mediterranean ports, and many died of hunger and fatigue in the long journeys to which they had voluntarily devoted themselves, but for which their strength was utterly inadequate.

Blackwall Railway.—The fare by the second train was raised last year from fourpence to sixpence. The traffic in consequence fell off to the extent of forty-one per cent. A return to the former charges is about to take place. The Greenwich Railway folks will do something of the kind, unless they mean to give seven-eighths of their traffic to the steam boats.

Asthmography.—An approach to universal language is contemplated by scientific

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men. Some idea may be given of it in few words. Suppose an English dictionary to be taken, and the leading words to be numbered off in order, and then the same numbers to be placed against the corresponding words in the dictionary of any other language ; it is obvious that a similar number will represent, in each case, a similar idea ; this is the basis of the plan.

Narcotic.—On the *Cannabis Indica*, the Indian hemp ; from which it appears this plant is possessed of extraordinary powers, as a sedative, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic remedy. The resin collected from it is in general use, as an intoxicating agent, all over the East, and from the furthestmost confines of India to Algiers. The intoxication, which is of the most cheerful kind, lasts about three hours, when sleep supervenes ; it is not followed by nausea or sickness, nor by any symptom, save slight giddiness, worth recording. The subsequent effects are depression of spirits, and relaxation of the muscles in a remarkable degree.

Are Art-Unions Legal?—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is of opinion that Art-Unions are illegal. Mr. Fitzroy Kelly, Q.C., and Mr. Clarke, having been applied to by the Directors of the Polytechnic Union for their opinion, go the other way. They say a scheme like that submitted to them does not appear ever to have been contemplated by the Legislature—certainly has never been prohibited by it in terms. If three men, each of whom was unable to purchase a certain picture, should agree together to subscribe the amount required for its purchase, and should further agree that, when purchased, they would determine by lot which of them should become the possessor of the picture, or which of them should obtain the credit of presenting it to a public institution, they might do so without incurring any of the penalties directed against those who infringe the provisions of the Lottery Acts. It makes no difference, in principle, that the subscribers instead of three men are thirty thousand, nor that the purchase, instead of being confined to one picture, is made to extend to hundreds; it is the absence of the conflicting interests of schemers and of the public, and therefore the absence of any necessity for legislative protection, that renders the statutes inapplicable.

Exhaustion of Land.—Land, dead and inert as it is, admits of no exhaustion or weariness. Robbed it may have been of some one element (phosphate of lime for example), by the crops raised having been year after year carried off the ground, till there remains no more of that element in the land, and another crop would starve and pine for want of it. Polluted the land may have become by matter thrown off

from the roots of the crop which has been so injudiciously repeated, till the same species of plant can no longer live in it. But this is all that is known of what is called exhaustion.

Debating in the Dark.—Formerly it was a common thing in Parliament, when a member wished to get rid of a subject before the House, to move “that the candles should be lighted.” The effect of this was curious. In some cases the question was debated through the night, and carried in the affirmative after daylight had returned, and then, and not till then when they were not wanted, the messengers proceeded to light the candles.

How to save Letter-Writing.—On one occasion Bonaparte hit upon a notable scheme for relieving himself from the fatigue of answering letters. “Open only the letters,” said he to Bourrienne, “that come by the couriers extraordinary, and leave all the rest in the basket for twenty days.” It happened (his secretary adds) as Bonaparte had anticipated, when the letters were at last read; as four-fifths of them had been answered by events.

Domenico Ciradi.—A series of memoirs of ancient artists (with portraits), of the Italian school, has been commenced in the ILLUSTRATED POLYTECHNIC REVIEW. The last published is Domenico Curadi, called by his countrymen, the Ghirlandajo. It was one of Curadi's pupils who originally discovered the talent of Michael Angelo.

The celebrated Theodore Colocotroni died about the 17th of last month. He had just married his youngest son, and it seems the delight of having settled his children brought on a fit of apoplexy. He had been to the ball at the palace, and was unusually gay. He returned home in very high spirits; a few hours after he was found a corpse in his bed. He was interred with all due honours, being a Lieutenant-General, and Vice-President of the Council of State. The funeral sermon was preached by Economos; and P. Scoutzo, the poet, pronounced a funeral oration at the grave.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must decline inserting communications from correspondents, however respectable, which only express a compliment in a dozen verses, which gross would convey in two or three lines.

T. S. A.'s questions we are not at this moment able to answer. He must allow us to hint that he could employ his pen better than in rendering rapid sententious and pointless epigrams from the Welsh.

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